



T.R.U.S.T.



zombie

apocalypse

survival

26 0 2

Chapter 1 by Iden Mozafari

"We're out." Harper cried, looking up from our portable water well. This could not be good. For ten months we had been rolling that same water well with us through New Mexico, and it looks like we've finally run out.

"Shit." Clemons said frankly in his thick Australian accent, always being vulgar whenever he gets the chance. It was around 5 p.m. when we got to Jules Peak, near the west border of New Mexico. I made sure to keep a map with us. You don't want to be lost out here, you might as well kill yourself then. No point in living.

Clemons turned to Harper. "Why didn't you say anything before? You were supposed to keep an eye on it for the last week, isn't that right? What happened?" Harper faced towards him, grimacing.

"It's not my fault. Besides, I think there's an outpost here. We can fill up there." Harper responded. She always was calm. Never gave up even the slightest bit of hope.

"Great! But the map, he should know where we got to go, right?" Clemons asked me.

"Yeah, I got it. Harper's right. Let's go." I said. They both nodded and started off in the direction of the outpost.

See more of Story Wars

[Login](#)

or

[Create new account](#)

Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8

 You need to login before writing - [click here](#)

Continue the story

☐ Flag as mature ☐ receive feedback

Submit draft

Write a comment...

[About](#) | [Rooms](#) | [Feedback](#) |   

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account